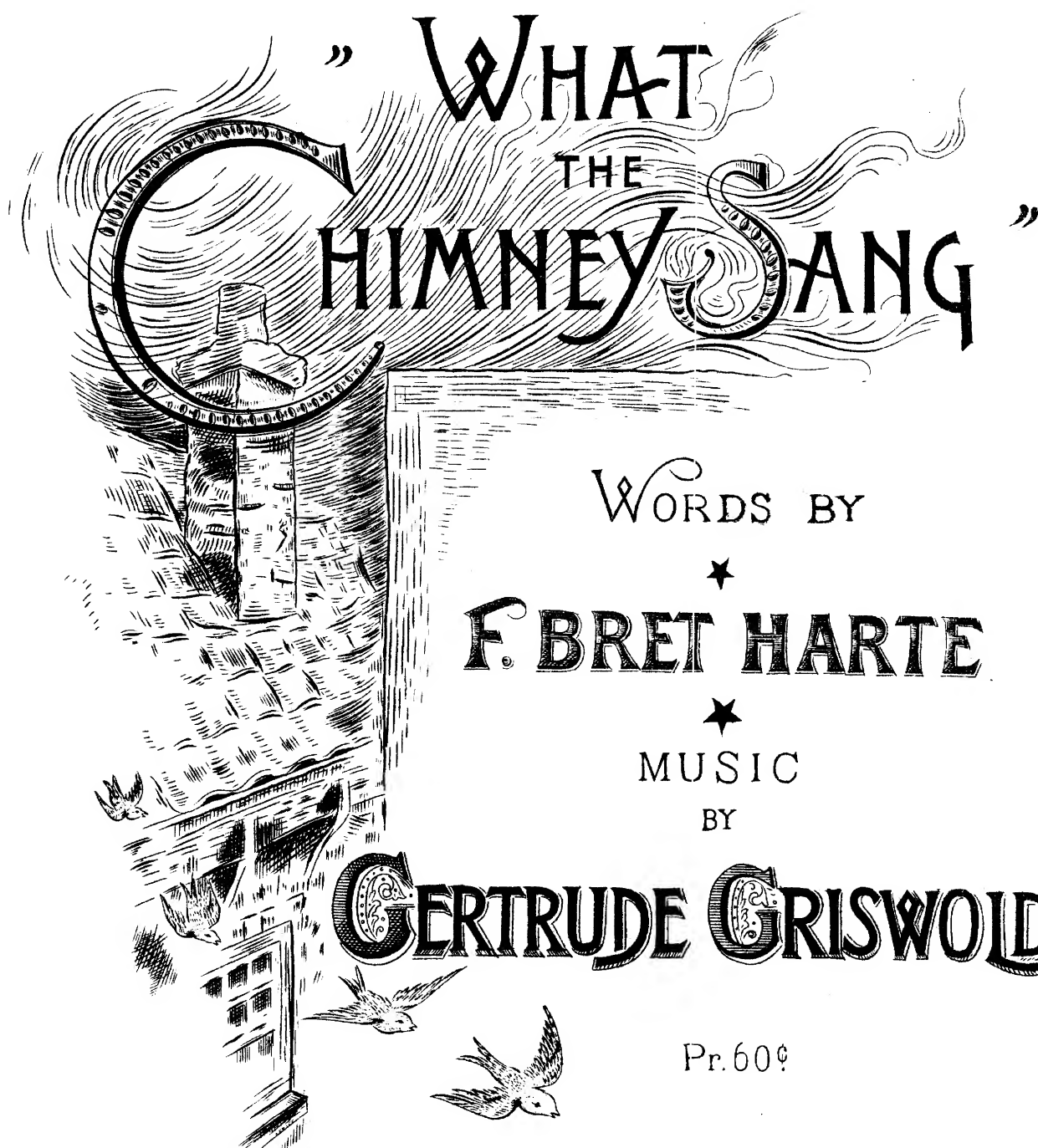


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"WHAT THE HIMNEY SANG"

WORDS BY



F. BRET HARTE



MUSIC

BY

GERTRUDE GRISWOLD

Pr. 60¢

Soprano or Ten. in F.



Alto or Bar. in D.

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"What the Chimney sang."

Words by
F. BRET HARTE.

GERTRUDE GRISWOLD.

Andantino.

VOICE. *p* O - ver the chim - ney the

PIANO. *p*

night - wind sang, And chant - ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the

cresc. *rall.*

wo - man stopp'd as her babe she tossed, And thought of the one she had

cresc. *rall.*

a tempo.

long since lost, And said, as the tear - drops back she forced: "I

a tempo.

rall. *a tempo.*

hate the wind in the chim - ney!" O - ver the chim - ney the

rall. *a tempo.*

night - wind sang, And chant - ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the

string.

chil - dren said, as they clos - er drew: 'Tis some witch that is cleav - ing the

string.

rall.

black night through, 'Tis a fair - y trum - pet that just then blew, And we

pp *a tempo.*

pp *a tempo.*

fear the wind in the chim - ney!" O - ver the chim - ney the

a tempo.

night - wind sang, And chant - ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the

man, as he sat on his hearth be - low, Said to him - self: "It will

rall.

sure - ly snow, And fu - el is dear and wag - es are low, And I'll

rall.

Andante.

stop the leak in the chim - ney." O - ver the chim - ney the

night - wind sang, And chant - ed a mel - o - dy

molto legato e cresc.

no one knew; And the po - et lis - ten'd, and

molto legato e cresc.

p.

smiled, For he was man, and wom-an, and

child, all three; And said: "It is God's own

har - mo - ny, This wind we hear in the

ff Adagio.
chim - ney, 'Tis God's own har - mo - ny!

